But what of that? *Demetrius* thinkes not ſo:
He will not knowe, what all, but hee doe know.
And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes:
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things baſe and vile, holding no quantitie,
Loue can tranſpoſe to forme and dignitie.
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde:
And therefore is wingd *Cupid* painted blinde.
Nor hath loues minde of any iudgement taſte:
Wings, and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haſte.
And therefore is loue ſaid to bee a childe:
Becauſe, in choyce, he is ſo oft beguil'd.
As waggiſh boyes, in game, themſelues forſweare:
So, the boy, Loue, is periur'd euery where.
For, ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyen,
Hee hayld downe othes, that he was onely mine.
And when this haile ſome heate, from *Hermia*, felt,
So he diſſolued, and ſhowrs of oathes did melt.
I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:
Then, to the wodde, will he, to morrow night,
Purſue her: and for this intelligence,
If I haue thankes, it is a deare expenſe:
But herein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his ſight thither, and back againe. *Exit.*

Enter Quince, *the Carpenter; and* Snugge, *the Ioyner; and* Bottom, *the Weauer; and* Flute, *the Bellowes mender; &* Snout, *the Tinker; and* Starueling *the Tayler.*

Quin. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, man by man, according to the ſcrippe.

Quin. Here is the ſcrowle of euery mans name, which is thought fit, through al *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude, before the Duke, & the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.

Bott. Firſt good *Peeter Quince*, ſay what the Play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: & ſo grow to a point.

Quin.

Quin. Mary, our Play is the moſt lamentable comedy and moſt cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thiſby*.

Bot. A very good peece of worke, I aſſure you, & a mer ry. Now good *Peeter Quince*, call forth your Actors, by th ſcrowle. Maſters, ſpreade your ſelues.

Quin. Anſwere, as I call you. *Nick Bottom*, the Weaue

Bott. Readie: Name what part I am for, and proceede

Quin. You, *Nick Bottom* are ſet downe for *Pyramus*.

Bott. What is *Pyramus*? A louer, or a tyrant?

Quin. A louer that kils himſelfe, moſt gallant, for loue.

Bott. That will aſke ſome teares in the true performin of it. If I doe it, let the Audience looke to their eyes: I w mooue ſtormes: I will condole, in ſome meaſure. To th reſt yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *E cles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all ſplit th raging rocks: and ſhiuering ſhocks, ſhall breake the loc of priſon gates, and *Phibbus* carre ſhall ſhine from far and make & marre the fooliſh Fates. This was loftie. No name the reſt of the Players. This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyra vaine: A louer is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the Bellowes mender?

Flu. Here *Peeter Quince*.

Quin. Flute, you muſt take *Thiſby*, on you.

Fla. What is *Thiſby*? A wandring knight?

Quin. It is the Lady, that *Pyramus* muſt loue. (min

Fl. Nay faith: let not me play a woman: I haue a beard c

Quin. Thats all one: you ſhall play it in a Maſke; and y may ſpeake as ſmall as you will.

Bott. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thiſby* to : ſpeake in a monſtrous little voice; *Thiſne, Thiſne*, ah *ramus*, my louer deare, thy *Thyſby* deare, & Lady deare.

Qu. No, no: you muſt play *Pyramus*: & *Flute*, you *Thy*

Bot. Well, proceede. *Qui. Robin Starueling*, the Tail

Star. Here *Peeter Quince*.

Quin. Robin Starueling, you muſt play *Thyſbyes* moth